NO FOOLING, THESE ARE WORLD SERIES PICTURES

(From Instantaneous Photographs Taken on the Field of Action)

Welch throwing to first base.

Buck Ewing reaching for a foul ball.

Crane sending in a twister.

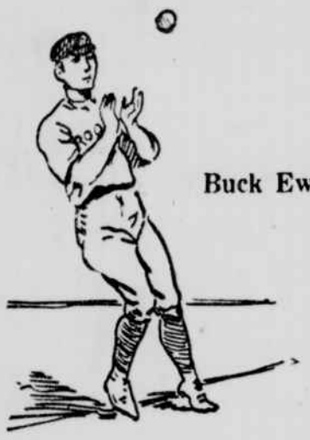
As Foutz crossed the plate.

O'Rourke's batting position.

O'Rourke's slide to second.

Smith wants to sacrifice.

Caruthers putting speed on the ball.



Pinkney catching Whitney's fly.

Corkhill scores a home run.

Visner waiting for a drop.

Now Buck, hit it out.

Terry, the Adonis.

Gore sprinting around to third.

WELL, there is no sense in trying to make a mystery out of it. These *are* World Series pictures, every one of them, just as the headline says; pictures of the World Series between the Brooklyns, then known as the Bridegrooms, we don't know why, and the New Yorks, then as now the Giants, in the blustery weather of October, 1889. The art of newspaper illustration has progressed noticeably in twenty-seven years. The newspaper which printed these pictures in 1889—an estimable Park Row contemporary—saw fit to label each of them "From an instantaneous photograph," and assuming this to have been true, it would seem that the art of photography has also progressed commendably since "Corkhill scored a home run" and "Cyclone Crane sent in a twister." Still, these pictures of the New York-Brooklyn series of 1889 were as good as any one else had, and at least one small boy at the time thought them good enough to cut out and worship. Had he seen such pictures as are printed of World Series now—of pitchers winding up, of sprinting on the paths, of close plays at the plate in a puff of dust—his cup of joy, and his scrapbook, would have been filled to overflowing. But nothing overflowed much, it seems, in the World Series of 1889. Certainly, the stands did not, and neither did the pockets of the players. The attendance figures, judged by present day standards, were ridiculously small, and no fat bonuses came the way of the participating teams. Nine games in all were played, of which the Giants won six and the Brooklyns three, and the attendance figures on several of the days fell far below the four thousand mark. Just how Charley Ebbets—yes, Charley was with the Brooklyns even then, a slim, jaunty person in a subsecretarial capacity—just how Charley Ebbets survived the contemplation of such a calamitous "gate" at a World Series is one of the things which passeth understanding; a "gate" of less than four thousand at Ebbets Field during the week just past would certainly have been fatal; but survive it he did. So did John B. Day of the Giants. The Giants had just won the championship of the National League, and the Brooklyns had nosed out the St. Louis Browns for topnotch honors in the old American Association. And, by the way, if you look closely at one of the above instantaneous photographs of the late William (Buck) Ewing, you will note that catchers in 1889 knew not the big mitt and wore a shy-fingered throwing glove on the right hand. Also, if Mr. Munsey will look back in the files of the paper of which he is now the proprietor he will find these pictures printed on the sporting pages of October, 1889. Mr. Munsey in those days was captain and pilot of "The Golden Argosy" and not interested in World Series.

SWEEPINGS FROM INKPOT ALLEY

By TANSY M'NAB

Israel Zangwill, in "The War for the World," has a chapter on novelists and the war, in which he declares that the great need of the day is for a few fiction writers — professors of human nature, he calls them — in the Cabinets of Europe.

PUTTING THE NOVELIST IN HIS PLACE.

Mr. Zangwill makes out a good case for using the peculiar constructive talents of the novelist more frequently in national and international affairs. It is a lesson we might take to heart. Certainly it would do no harm to our country to have some novelists included among the lawyers, orators, lawyers, not too successful business men, lawyers, horse doctors, lawyers, chair warmers, lawyers, Confederate veterans and other deserving Democrats who form the bulk of our conspicuous public office holders.

Oddly enough, the novelist is not always treated well in this country when he runs for an elective office. Winston Churchill, it is true, has been elected a member of the New Hampshire Legislature, but when he gave his fellow citizens the opportunity to vote for him for Governor of the state on the Progressive ticket in 1912 they did not rise to the occasion. Neither did the inhabitants of Yonkers when, some years ago, John Kendrick Bangs ran, in a manner of speaking, for Mayor.

But some of Mr. Bangs's fellow humorists have been more successful, in a minor political sense. George Ade has been elected a delegate to Republican National Conventions two or three times. Harris Dickson was once elected a municipal court judge in Vicksburg, Miss. And there is old Irv. Cobb, recently "elected" to spellbind for Mr. Wilson out in the bush league country. If Mr. Wilson is reëlected perhaps Mr. Cobb will get a Cabinet job or something. Cobb would not lower the intellectual batting average of Democratic Cabinets either. But any discussion of his prospects would be academic.

Mr. Zangwill might have pointed his plea for the novelist with an American example. Back in the early days of the present Administration, by a curious piece of good luck, a novelist was picked as Ambassador to Belgium. Brand Whitlock had served four terms as Mayor of Toledo, and his home folks liked him so well that he might have been Mayor still if he hadn't insisted on quitting and writing some books. When he was offered the Belgian post he accepted it because it looked like a restful job, in which he could do a new novel on the side. But scarcely had Mr. Whitlock reached Brussels and unpacked his typewriter when Europe blew up with a loud report, right under his nose.

Since then Mr. Whitlock hasn't had any afternoons off for fiction. He has been too busy seeing that Belgian women and children do not starve to death, and untangling German red tape and British red tape and a great snarl of international red tape. In one of the most difficult diplomatic jobs created by the war he has been so conspicuously successful that Belgian mothers will tell their sons about him for generations to come, and, on the other side, if by any chance he were recalled, the German government would part with him with profound respect and regret. He has made good so emphatically that one would think novelists must be in great demand hereafter for diplomatic posts.

Mr. Zangwill laments that while Wells, Shaw, Bennett, Jerome, Galsworthy, Hall Caine and Chesterton flourish their criticisms and counsels about the conduct of the war, the British public and the government pay no attention to them. The only novelist they treat seriously is Hilaire Belloc, who "discourses exclusively of sectors and salients, of envelopments and objectives and polish triangles, presumably to cover up his past as a novelist."

"Few people," says Mr. Zangwill, "seem to understand that the novelist is—with the exception of the commander in chief—the most important person for the conduct of a war. England has already paid dearly enough for her distrust of the 'intellectual,' but when even Germany, which has so marvellously mobilized her men of science, has forgotten the novelist, how can we expect happy-go-lucky England to realize that without a novelist no war Cabinet is complete. . . .

"War, being not a duel of guns, but of the men behind the guns and the people behind the men, it follows that, however important it may be to consult the expert in explosives, it is still more important to consult the expert in psychology. This is exactly what the serious novelist is—a professor of human nature. His books are merely applied psychology, none the less science because it is entertainment. Nobody dissents from Pope's dictum that 'the proper study of mankind is man,' yet an authority on man—his habits and ideas, his taboos and fetiches—ranks as a scientist below a Fabre who studies insects."

Mr. Zangwill is of the opinion that if the Germans had had a novelist on their General Staff they would never have invaded Belgium. "They would never have sunk the Lusitania and lost America, or executed Nurse Cavell and created infinitely more enemy soldiers than she rescued."

As a fitting reprisal for Zeppelin raids Mr. Zangwill suggests dropping copies of Dickens's "Christmas Carol" on undefended German towns. "This combined demonstration of power and forbearance," he says, "might penetrate even the hide of the rhinoceros (or should it be a Rhineoceros?)"

Mr. Zangwill, like G. K. Chesterton and Bernard Shaw, is to be numbered among the few wartime British writers who have kept their humor dry.

IS UNCLE SAM A LOW BROW?

Though book publishers are sharing in the general prosperity, their fall lists are smaller this year than for several years past. According to "The Publishers' Weekly" these lists show a decrease of 40 per cent since 1912 and of 14 per cent from last year.

Departed are those glorious days of the new century when almost any fairly literate young woman could write a novel and find some one to publish it, and no youthful college professor need let the effusions of his soul turn into sere and yellow manuscript. Print paper is so high that the publishers cannot take long chances, and the literary beginner is finding it harder to break in. His best friends are the spruce trees, which are getting so scarce in this world of ours. These are perilous days indeed for the budding literary genius.

But the situation has its compensations. The book presses are grinding out less drivel than in many years. This season the volume that is simply a desecration of good white paper is conspicuous by its absence.

It is generally assumed that in spite of our preoccupation with motor cars, baseball and the movies, we are quite a nation of readers. But according to statistics recently gathered by Charles William Burrows, president of the National One-Cent Letter Postage Association, our book production has steadily fallen off, until we are behind every civilized country on the globe, except, perhaps, Spain. Even Russia, which we commonly look upon as largely a barbarous waste, publishes two and a half times as many books per capita in a year as the United States. As 70 per cent of the Russians cannot read or write, the literate remainder make us Americans look, culturally speaking, somewhat provincial.

According to Mr. Burrows, Sweden publishes ten times as many books per capita a year as we do; Germany, France and Great Britain each from five to seven times as many, and Japan four times as many.

Our great literary distinction, in the matter of quantity, is in the publication of cheap periodicals. Of these we produce as many as all the other nations of the world together, and half as much again. If the print paper famine has decreased their number there is as yet no sign of it. In 1875 the postoffice handled 40,000,000 pounds of second class matter, and in 1915 1,100,000,000 pounds.

The number of copies of periodicals, exclusive of newspapers, circulated annually in the United States is estimated at over seven and a half billion. That means 300 magazines a year for every family of four. This would seem to place a burden on the ultimate consumer, in eye strain and brain strain, that is almost too great to bear. I have occasionally tried to estimate the number of wives of tired business men who buy the popular magazines. But I have always given it up in despair. The idea of reading three hundred magazines a year is enough to make any one envy the philosophical Russian who prefers to remain illiterate.

Of course, many of our periodicals are trade magazines and have nothing to do with literature. We have, for instance, eighty-six banking periodicals. A prominent officer of the American Bankers' Association is quoted as saying that only half a dozen of these are really needed, and the rest are superfluous and exist merely for the purpose of getting advertisements. This may be an exaggeration, but it has a bearing on the famine in print paper.